i hear that in real life there's something you want. greater than or less than likely. a child that never was a child. he's plotting and scheming and manipulating again. i was in art class. i had an encyclopedia of star wars characters. i feel the grooves on the lever. virtual betrayal and faces staring from the windows of unfamiliar vehicles. what is your item? show and tell. you can buy what you want. you can't have that. the first time hearing music with emotions i felt privately.

what's a memory?

what's a dream?

an item with an item attachment. an intangible attachment to an item. it connects to your very being. items stacked on items in boxes in the garage. the garage with suffocating heat trapped inside. i took a nap on the couch in the garage and the heat didn't suck all of the water out of my body. i woke up with eyes sunk in like craters. the smell of the morning before the sun comes up. the sun is held in both hands like a fire fly. putrid leaves stuck to the knees of my jeans. i'm afraid everyday. what is your next health scare?

the stabbing pang of acknowledgement. raise your hand, raise your hand. and where were you last night? the seed of distrust planted right on the tip of my brain stem. at night it comes back. i don't shower or brush my teeth for a length of time that slips through my fingers like warm sand. another attachment and another acknowledgement. how are you doing?

i told my therapist i would call and schedule an appointment. i don't appear in the mirror. the steam of the shower imprints itself on me and doesn't leave me alone. i am not real enough to take care of the adolescent molecules of condensation on my skin. i bruised my tailbone while riding my bike and when i stand up i grit my teeth. attached to what's poisoning me. attached to my own suffering. more items with attachments and i don't think they ever mattered.

over 20 years. can i manage? the physical space i take up. fear in my skin. glass made of skin. sand made of glass and skin. what does your therapist tell you to do? do you need a refill on your prescription? open the window and sneak out. grasp the sand made of glass and skin. grasp the words even when they stab you. broken mirrors in a hallway that i can't see the end of. more items strewn across the floor of an apartment that smelled like smoke and ended up empty. it all ended up empty in the end and i was famished. i have some items now. i need to talk to management. the words aren't as potent as they used to be.